

DISCONTENT

"MOTHER OF PROGRESS"

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HOME, WASH., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 20, 1901.

WHOLE NO. 133.

LITTLE THINGS.

A goodbye is a little thing,
With your hand on the door to go.
But it takes the venom out of the sting
Of a thoughtless word, or a cruel fling,
That you made an hour ago.

A kiss of greeting is sweet and rare
After the toil of the day,
And it smooths the furrows plowed by
care,
The lines on the forehead you once
called fair
In the years that have flown away.

'Tis a little thing to say, "You are kind;
I love you, my dear," each night;
But it sends a thrill through the heart, I
find—
For love is tender, as love is blind—
As we climb life's rugged height.

We starve each other for love's caress;
We take, but we do not give;
It seems so easy some soul to bless,
But we dole the love grudgingly less
and less,
Till 'tis bitter and hard to live.

—McCall's Magazine.

A MESSAGE TO GOVERNMENT.

(With whatever apologies to Elbert Hubbard that he may think necessary.)

In all this Cuban business there is one man that stands out on the horizon of my memory like Mars at perihelion. When war broke out between Spain and the United States it quickly became necessary to raise funds to prosecute the ejection of the Spaniard from Cuba and further the civilizing of the islanders by the elevating hand of industrial capitalism.

What to do!

Someone said put on a war tax.

The secretary of the treasury was sent for and so instructed: Just how, by what circumlocutory methods war taxes are met, and who finally foots the bill, are slight details that I have no special desire just now to tell.

The point I wish to make is this: the tax went on! Did we say, "What are you at?" No! No! No!!! We paid and grumbled—all saving one man. By the Eternal! there is one man whose form should be cast in deathless bronze and the statue placed in every school-house in the land. It is not book learning young folk need, nor cramming with abstruse propositions and problems, but an educating, a drawing out of the innate nobility in each, an encouraging stiffening of the vertebrae which will cause them to be noble, self-reliant souls, inevitably loyal to their higher instincts; concentrating their energies, acting decisively, doing the thing; carrying a message to government, as Carter, of Ansonia, Conn., is now doing—all honor to him!

"How did he do it? Who is he?" Shame on you that you do not know. WILLIAM CARTER is a braesmoulder, of the town of Ansonia, Conn., just one of the common people, a toiler and molder in the industrial sweatshop—that's all. But he has written his name indelibly on the page of history, and his action will shortly be the theme of some

poet's stirring strain, for he lies in the county jail in New Haven, Conn., for principle's sake. This man has convictions; one of them is that war is gruesome, ghastly and barbarous; that it is murder. He has courage, too, and shows it. Eighteen months or more ago he declined to pay \$2, assessed war tax; eloped in prison he still refused; kept behind the bars, deprived of his liberty ("Inalienable right!") Methinks thou sometimes helpest to make the gaiety of other nations! he still mutely protests against being forced to be a party to bloody violence. That's about all the story that concerns us just now, but think of it, friends, comrades, fellow workers, and take heart of courage that the propaganda of Anarchy, by word or deed, is still carried on; is wider than we know of—and that such acts make for it.

C. H. CHEYSE.

FREE COMMUNISM VS. FREE COMMERCIALISM.

No. 6.

In my letter accepting Mr. Brinkerhoff's challenge to this discussion I was careful to make the following stipulation: "If Mr. Brinkerhoff wishes to go ahead I shall expect him to define both Anarchist Individualism (or Commercialism) and Anarchist Communism, as he understands them." Mr. Brinkerhoff did "go ahead," and I contend that his doing so was virtually an acceptance of my conditions, and that I was clearly right in expecting him to define both terms. He, therefore, has no cause to complain about my insistence in this matter. I regret as much as he that so much time has been spent in explanations and arguing at cross purposes, much of which might have been avoided had he stuck to the agreement. However, now that definitions of the main terms have been submitted I presume there will be no further trouble on that score, as I do not anticipate that friend Brinkerhoff will object very seriously to my definition and explanation of Free Communism. From now on, when either of us uses the terms Free Commercialism and Free Communism, we will know what is meant. I notice, however, that in his Part 6 Mr. Brinkerhoff gives a double meaning to his Free Commercialism, or uses the term to express two different systems or stages of development. His first stage he defines as "Society existing without government," and his second as "A very desirable later condition which society without government will have developed into." The latter condition he explains is to be "the outcome of Anarchy." He does not give us any idea of what his second stage of development is to be like, but I am willing to waive this point for the present, as he says he could "hardly be expected to define it in both stages at once." Let us tackle the first stage now, and later on perhaps we may need to know what this second more beatific stage really is.

Mr. Brinkerhoff accuses me of asking for a definition while all the time really wishing him to say what would follow individualistic Anarchism. In reply I merely say that it is a very poor subterfuge to charge an opponent with unfairness in order to cover up your own deficiencies. I would have been perfectly content to have had a fairly lucid explanation of the main terms of our discussion as my opponent understood them. As to what will follow individualistic Anarchism, who shall say? Perhaps we shall sprout wings; perhaps we will be perfected to the condition Flamarion once foretold: when each individual will, through disuse, lose arms, head and stomach and become a mere brain cell, revolving through space at will. No, I am satisfied to confine the argument to human beings pretty much as they are, living in a state of freedom—Anarchy—and to learn, if possible, what form society would assume under such a condition.

Mr. Brinkerhoff has already tacitly admitted more than once in this discussion that his theory of Free Commercialism is not entire absence of government, and it is to be hoped that the readers of DISCONTENT will bear that in mind when later on Mr. Brinkerhoff will attempt to show that his system of Free Commercialism is Anarchism, per se.

Some of the statements of our friend are sadly lacking in clearness and consistency; for instance, where he says in his Part 5: "I have said nothing about Free Commercialism. I have endeavored to discuss Free Commercialism." This may be a typographical error, but if not I am utterly at a loss to understand the incongruity of the two statements.

I thought it was understood at the beginning of the discussion that we were to use the terms which are placed at the heads of our respective articles, in order to avoid circumlocution and vagueness, but friend Brinkerhoff continues to use a great number of synonymous terms. If he does not like the terms used and practically agreed upon early in the discussion, let him say so and we will use others. As long as the idea is clear I care nothing for the words used, only I think it is better, for reasons above stated, to use one term for each idea and not mix up a half dozen or more in a single article as he has done in his Part 5.

I fully expected in this article to consider friend Brinkerhoff's five questions which he asked me in his Part 1, but find that I have used enough space already, and perhaps it is better after all to await his reception of my definition and explanation of Free Communism which I gave in my last.

WM. HOLMES.

The object of love expands and grows before us to eternity, until it includes all that is lovely and we become all that can love.—Thoreau.

VACCINATION.

I asked Comrade James to tell the readers of DISCONTENT in language that all could understand why he persists in writing that a "movement against vaccination" is a "movement in favor of ignorance," and he replies that "my reason for reckoning the anti-vaccination crusade a phase of the movement in favor of ignorance is indicated in Comrade Small's remark that he regards it as a work of education."

But if I can aid in establishing it as a fact that vaccination has never been an instrument in saving the people from having smallpox, then, I suppose, our comrade will be willing to concede that it is no longer wise to classify the opponents of vaccination as being in the "movement in favor of ignorance."

A perusal of his entire article in DISCONTENT of February 27 would seem to show that he thinks the doctors are almost wholly in favor of vaccination, when the truth of the matter is that the best and strongest evidence against the delusion comes from physicians themselves, the practitioners of the Homoeopathic school being almost wholly against the practice.

As a result of the agitation that was started in Provincetown more than a year ago a bill has been introduced into the Massachusetts legislature to repeal the compulsory vaccination laws of the state, and at the hearing that was given on the bill some of the ablest doctors in Boston came forward to testify against the evils of vaccination. And some of the strongest testimony in opposition to the operation was found in the thirtieth annual report of the Massachusetts State Board of Health, wherein it is stated that of the 12 cases of smallpox that had been reported to the board for the year 11 of them had been vaccinated from one to three times.

Readers of DISCONTENT will bear in mind that Jenner contended that if a person was once vaccinated he or she would never have the smallpox, and it was on this ground that the English government paid him £30,000, but today there isn't a doctor in the world who takes this position; indeed, the most of the advocates of it say that it is necessary to have the essence of sick calf injected into our systems every few years to keep us immune from an attack of smallpox.

Our old friend tells us in closing that "As to the quotation from Wallace, it is second hand and garbled." Who made any "quotation" from Wallace? I ask our comrade to look over my short letter of January 30 and then tell us where the "quotation" comes in.

At that time I merely announced the conclusion that Wallace had arrived at, but now I'll give a literal quotation of the last part of his chapter on "Vaccination a Delusion," and the readers of this letter shall judge for themselves

Continued on page 4.

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tent, Home, Pierce County, Wash.IN RE, "THE RELIGIOUS Senti-
MENT."

I have by letter thanked our good comrade, Kate Austin, for her critique of my "Purpose of Life" article, and told her the same was not written for publication, but for a meeting here—the "opposition and discussion" invited was verbal and on the spot. If I had noticed those words in reading the proof I should have deleted them. Why? Because I am no orator as Mark Hanna is, nor controversialist, such as Brinkerhoff, or I might fill a good deal of space attempting to defend and uphold the religious strain running through my composition—this, perchance, to the vanity of myself and the vexation of the other fellow. Give me credit that I have not so much ego in my cosmos! I do not care to enter the arena of polemics; still, I think, there are some things to be said on both sides of most questions, inclusive of this one. Personally, I neither fear God, regard the Devil, nor have any twang of A. P. A.ism about me. I think there are ethical truths we should do well to examine and consider—even as Anarchists—and I believe in the religion of self respect. I strive to cultivate a mental catholicity on all points, but, up to date, I have an innate objection to blatant, blackguard Atheism as I have to the profound irreligiousness of the various sects of Christianity—both of which are born and bred in conceited ignorance.

Comrade Austin does well to say that I am bitterly opposed to the false sentiment that placed and holds woman in the narrow and confining quarters of conservative and conventional circumstance and custom; and I am as bitterly opposed to the "twaddle" that it was my lot to have heard from the pulpit, viz., that woman was inferior to man and should be subject to him under pain and penalty of God's displeasure, let alone man's. I did not mean to imply that to be of the feminine sex entitled one to arrogantly claim preeminence over man, nor flaunt the fact as a badge of superiority.

In the present I, for my part, am not ranking LOVE UNIONS as about on a par with the act of eating and drinking; nor am I deifying the female sex. I am inclined to believe the innate possibilities of women have only been distantly dreamed of even by the most sensitive and intuitive among us, but one thing I know, and it is that the female organism alone enshrines the "creatory." The male's part in the propagation of the species seems slight, compared to woman's, and is fleeting in character apparently. Does man wish to reproduce himself in his own image and likeness? Then he cooperates with woman, but ever and only in a manner highly satisfactory to himself; on the other hand, woman alone bears whatever may chance of pain, peril or burden. Is this "equal-

ity"? If so, before what tribunal? The law of equity would hold that preeminence or privilege is commensurate with proportion of function, responsibility and labor, and if there is anything higher or greater than bearing superb children, who shall lift this dark world nearer to the sun—name it, I ken it not. As Lois Waisbrooker says, "The feminine is ever the builder of all living forms, and, as such, holds an order on the universe for what is needed to build aright." When I think of women and their undoubted power, if they only chose to exercise it, I somewhat sorrowfully recall the fine lament of Coventry Patmore, running:

Ah, wasteful woman, she who on her own self
May set her own price, knowing he can not choose
But pay. How has she cheapened Paradise!
How has she spoilt the bread and spilt the wine,
That spent with due respective thrift had made
Brutes men, and men divine!"

In regard to worship, I too hope the "forms may disappear"—that the spirit may return. Formal religion is a curse—ending in mortification. The inner meaning of the ancient faiths, I take it, was not fear, (with all due deference to those who differ) but sprang from a sense of the blessedness of existence and the actual unity of all life; a realization of vital perfection and resultant exaltation. And again, the attitude of worship, does not, per se, negate the attitude of self reliance—nor is an unsolved problem necessarily a 'mystery or a bugbear; but for faith in the solubility of problems, be they mathematical or psychological, we should remain in ignorance, for we should lack motive for investigation. Methinks it may yet be proven that "scientific religion" is not a contradiction of terms.

Comrade Austin says:
"It is the artistic sense of the beautiful we should cultivate."

She speaks rightly. It is exactly this, but the essence and expression of this instinct for the beautiful is admiration, love, adoration!

There are many things beautiful, but the human form is most beautiful, and as Walt Whitman—that heroic singer of heroic verse, who in all things is as candid as a Greek statue—says: "If anything is sacred, the human body is sacred."

Enough said. I am not one who wishes to accentuate differences, which, after all, may chance to be merely verbal and rest in terms. I seriously think we need to revise our vocabularies; there are so many equivokes parading as plain blunt expressions.

C. H. CHEYSE.

It is right and necessary that all men should have work to do which shall be worth doing, and be of itself pleasant to do, and which should be done under such conditions as would make it neither over wearisome nor over anxious.—William Morris.

I give you joy, oh sons of men, that truth is altogether wholesome; that we have hope to search out what might be the very self of everything.—Emerson.

Truth is golden o'er us though we reject it.—Browning.

"MORALS OF REFORMERS."

"There are many evils in the world that the good and intelligent would be glad to abate, but they do not know how to do so. Therefore, they try to lead pure and upright lives, to instruct their children in the ways of integrity, to create a fitting environment for themselves, and to extend the influence of this environment. It is the best they can do."

It is an unfortunate circumstance that the order of mind that turns to reformation by methods of violence and coercion is a low order, the individuals who essay the task of radical and sweeping reform are often persons as much as their chosen subjects in need of reformation. It is a matter of municipal history in most large cities that the "agent for the suppression of vice" often gets to be more vicious than any of the poor creatures upon whom he is supposed to lay a restraining hand. At first a foe to vice, he ends by reveling in it. He becomes a consort of thieves and the abandoned, probably a blackmailer, or that most disreputable of all human creatures—a procurer. He draws a salary from misguided people while they trust him, and at the same time he levies tribute on crime.

"The reformer in reforming himself or herself will take the first step in the right direction."—Tacoma Ledger.

The unsavory reputation that the Ledger has had in the past regarding the truthfulness of its statements upon social and economic conditions leads one to question whether its late editorial, giving utterance to anarchistic ideas, will benefit the cause.

"Yef, 'out of the mouths of babes," 'tis said, "wisdom comes;" and as the Ledger is still in its infancy in the promulgating of social and economic truths let us hope that the above may have some weight with its many readers.

The masses, seeing no way to bring about reform except through organized force, form a government, ignorantly expecting it to become "a foe to vice," but it invariably ends "by reveling in it." The official "draws a salary from a misguided people while they trust him, and at the same time he levies tribute on crime."

The power of any individual to exert an influence for good or bad is of small import in comparison with that of the people when acting in unison in the form of government, hence, when governments use their conferred and assumed power for the shielding and continuance of vice it becomes a greater menace to human liberty, and to our homes and happiness, than it could possibly be were that influence exerted by the individual.

Government implies the use of force, coercion, violence, hence is of a low order. The Anarchist sees that the use of "force, coercion" or violence is opposed to progress; he desires to develop humanity on the broadest and highest intellectual plane possible; therefore, the low order of government can have nothing in common with the higher order—Anarchy.

True progress can only come through the individual learning the principles of self government, and when this is done the masses will do away with lower orders and usher in true liberty.

O. A. VERRY.

The right of the humblest human soul to the resources and liberty needful for living a complete and unfeeling life is infinitely more sacred than the whole fabric and machinery of civilization.—George D. Herren.

THE PRESS MUST BE FREE.

Dear Comrade in the cause of establishing a free press in this country: Your case will be one more straw on the much-enduring camel's back, that will help on to the limit of endurance. It will soon become evident to the people that the press must be free, without danger to the editor or publisher for permitting people to express their honest opinions. All people who desire to express their convictions freely, and all who want to read these convictions, must stand by the free papers and let their voices be heard in protest when there is interference. When one man can cause the arrest of another man on the charge of obscenity any time he allows his contributors to express any opinion differing from the accuser's concerning society or the Bible, the law needs attention.

At the same time it seems to me that every editor should require his contributors to express their ideas in courteous language, and not by ridiculing other's opinions and beliefs. Ridicule and aggression stir up Satan. It is God we want stirred up in people. Let us all speak the good word to make people love it as much as possible. It is not by keeping wrong in the minds of the people, but by persistently keeping the better way before them to the best of our ability, that will reform society.

Some people, if they have an idea, do not appear to know any way of presenting it except by ridiculing and condemning the ideas of other people. If a man has an idea he thinks good let him present it and shew why it is good and would benefit the people. If he cannot do that he had better give his ideas to someone who has ability to present them.

MABEL GIFFORD.

The human animal is a queer bird. Our Puritan ancestors came over here to obtain religious freedom. Then they denied religious freedom to all others. Our revolutionary forefathers, afterward lagged together as these United States of America, fought seven years to obtain political liberty. Now these United States of America have a seven-years war on hand trying to enslave a people who do not want to be ruled by them. The human animal is a queer bird.—Truth Seeker.

Whenever those who bear the burdens of the world have demanded a larger share of what they produced then it was that they became radical, fanatic and lawless. As long as they were willing that others should reap where they had sown, as long as they were contented with a crust while others got the loaf, as long as they would bear the burdens, so long were they grand and patriotic men.—Industrial Democracy.

What is independence? Freedom from all laws or bonds except those of one's own being, controlled by the universal ones. To leads, to man, to woman, what is there at last to each but the inherent soul, nativity, idocracy, free, highest-poised, soaring its own flight, following out itself.—Whitman.

Nature, who abhors mannerism, has set her heart on breaking up all styles and tricks, and it is so much easier to do what one has done before, than to do a new thing, that there is a perpetual tendency to a set mode.—Emerson.

CHAINS.

BY NELLIE M. JERARD.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—Continued.

After one of the waltzes E. C. Wentworth and Mayme went out on the balcony and he drew forward a chair and said:

"Sit here, Mrs. McDonald; you can see the lake, and it is lovely, the moon shines like silver across the water."

Mayme's wrap had slipped from her bare shoulders and Wentworth drew it around her. As he did so his hand stroked the fair, plump neck. Mayme glanced at him quickly and he said:

"Pardon me, Mrs. McDonald, that was unintentional," and his tone was so humble that Mayme believed him.

Howard was standing near, hidden by a pillar, and observed the incident, and heard the apology and heard Mayme's murmured "Certainly," and felt that he could almost murder the man as he saw the smile that wreathed the fellow's lips as he raised his head. "The rouse," he muttered.

That night Howard told Mayme the character of her admirer; told her he had seen the incident on the balcony, and then said:

"Mayme, the man smiled the most cynical smile I ever saw; he stroked your beautiful shoulders purposely; it was no accident."

"Howard McDonald, your jealousy makes you unreasonable. Mr. Wentworth is a gentleman in every sense of the word."

"Mayme, a man has opportunities of knowing men that women seldom have, and I know that Wentworth is a man whose reputation and character will not bear investigation. He has betrayed and deserted more than one girl; in fact, he boasts of his conquests and says no woman can withstand him long."

"Did he say this to you?"

"No, but young Armstrong told me he had said this and more at the wine supper given by Belmont."

"Yes, and you'll believe everything that awkward fellow Armstrong says. I tell you, it is a malicious lie. The men are jealous because Mr. Wentworth receives so much more attention than they. I tell you, Howard, I am not going to inherit Mr. Wentworth by treating him coolly just to please a lot of jealous men."

"Then, Mayme, I warn you that if you continue in this course trouble will follow."

"I can take care of myself and am not afraid of my reputation being ruined."

Before they left for home Wentworth had obtained Mayme's address. He told her that he had a cousin living in the city, and it had been his intention to go to that cousin's for a visit, but he had almost decided to go to New York.

Mayme invited him to call at her father's house, and added: "We will have a gay winter—so many balls and parties; come and I will introduce you to all of our set."

"Thank you, Mrs. McDonald, that is a great inducement, but," and he lowered his voice and looked intently in her eyes, "the knowledge that I will see your charming face is a still greater in-

ducement," and, without waiting for a reply, he touched his hat, bowed and was gone.

"The game is a spicy one," Wentworth murmured with a smile as he passed down the stairs and out of the hotel.

Mayme and Howard returned home, and the usual life of the fashionable set began. Mayme received and returned calls, attended parties, went shopping, and when Howard came home from business she was too tired or too busy to visit with him.

Howard went into business with his father-in-law. The two men breakfasted downtown at a restaurant, for the ladies could not think of getting up at "such a hesthenish hour," and so it was that Howard often saw his wife only at the late dinner. He found that he had made the greatest mistake of his life when he married Mayme; and, like many another man has done, he tried to bury his disappointment in working incessantly. He worked to learn the most minute details of the business and the increased patronage, and larger income, was due to his exertions. Mayme's father was delighted. "We just needed young, vigorous brains in the business and now we will become the leading firm of the west," he said.

The party of the season was to be given and Mayme talked of nothing else. As it was the social event of the year it was considered a great honor to receive an invitation. Howard promised to go and Mayme insisted that he purchase a new suit.

"It would be foolish to do that," Howard said, "when I have a suit which I have worn but twice."

"Oh, you are getting so stingy as papa."

Why describe the party—the doings and sayings? They are all on a level, like one, like all, they differ in degree not in kind. While Mayme was chatting with a friend, another friend came and said: "Allow me to introduce Mrs. McDonald," and Mr. Wentworth extended his hand. Mayme was glad to see him, asked when he came, invited him to her father's house, and introduced him to members of her set. Howard soon noticed that Mayme and Wentworth were together, and as soon as he could see Mayme alone he said:

"Mayme, as you value your good name do not invite that man to your father's house."

"You might have saved yourself the trouble of saying that, for he is already invited and will call tomorrow."

"Mayme, I will have to tell your father the character of the man."

"And I will tell him just why you do not like him, because you are jealous. He is invited to all the best houses and he will come to my father's."

As he had done many times before so Howard did this time, said no more and let matters take their own course, but knowing the unscrupulous nature of the man he felt that the future, for Mayme, held many dangers.

The next day Wentworth called on Mrs. McDonald. Mayme introduced her mother, and that evening at dinner Howard listened to the praises of Wentworth—"such perfect manners, such brilliant powers of conversation." Howard made no reply, and as Mayme's father was "satisfied if the women were," he merely said "Invite him here to dinner."

From that time Howard made no effort to stop Mayme from her headstrong course. He tried to attend the parties, the theatres and other places of amusement, for he knew if his wife went without him she would have Wentworth for an escort, but he found that he could not go to every place that she went, and Mayme told him that she did not like to have him with her, that he reminded her of "the skeleton at the feast."

All winter, during the giddy round of fashionable life, Wentworth was to be seen wherever Mayme appeared. Gossip freely linked their names together. Her mother begged her to be careful, and in return Mayme said:

"I tell you, mama, I have married a man without life, or anything that attracts me, and I am going to have some pleasure."

"But, Mayme, you will get into trouble; that man, I hear, is not a moral man."

"Now, look here, mama, I am a married woman, and I know how to keep out of difficulty; I'm no green girl."

"Why, Mayme, you don't mean to say that you allow any familiarities."

"I don't mean to say anything; just don't worry."

All who knew Wentworth were well satisfied that he would not have gone with Mayme so constantly without attempting the gallantries of which he boasted, and Howard felt sure that the woman whom he (Howard) had determined to own, to have alone, now belonged to another, but he said nothing.

Blossom had some photographs taken when she was in New York and had sent one to Mayme. The picture was a first-class likeness. She had worn the dress that had been so universally admired at Mayme's wedding. One evening Wentworth was in the parlor and saw the picture.

"Jupiter, but that's a sweet face! Who is it?" he asked Mayme.

"Oh, just a cousin of Howard, a rustic beauty," she replied.

Wentworth said no more at that time, but before he left he looked long and earnestly at the lovely face. "The most beautiful face I ever saw," he murmured to himself, but he said nothing to Mayme, for he did not want to arouse her jealousy. He had felt the sting of her words, and knew that when the angry torrent was started there was no way to stop it. He had almost decided as he had won the game, and the excitement of the pursuit was over, that he would quietly disappear, but he had found it very pleasant to be with the "four hundred," and now that he had seen this sweet face he felt that he must find the owner, that he must see her. On the way to his hotel he thought of nothing but the picture. After he reached his room he sat in a deep study.

"Jove," he exclaimed, "I'm struck at last. That face haunts me. I have seen the picture of the girl that I'm willing to marry; none of your Mayme's for me; that kind will do well enough to play with, but to tie to, give me that sweet face every time."

A few days after Wentworth had seen the picture that haunted him he saw Mayme pass his hotel in a carriage with some friends, and he immediately went to her residence and sent his card to her mother.

"I was lonely," he said, "and came to have a chat with you. Yes, I saw Mrs.

McDonald out riding, but I wanted to see you."

And while he was complimenting the elderly lady he looked for the picture. It was on the table. He gradually led to the subject of photography, and adroitly mentioned the first-class work of New York photographers. Then the picture of Blossom was produced. Wentworth took it, and examined it closely, commented on the exquisite finish of the picture, the artistic pose, and then asked:

"Who is this lady?"

"A cousin of Howard. Her name is Carr—Blossom Carr. Really, I believe her name is Marian, but her family call her Blossom." She was Mayme's bridesmaid and carried her part off very well, though she is a country girl. No, I do not know where they live; somewhere near Fairview; I am not sure but that is the name of their farm; I really do not know much about them."

That was all the information Wentworth could gain. He would not ask Mayme any questions, and Howard ignored him so completely that he knew it was useless to try to learn anything of the family from him.

(To be continued.)

PAY UNDER A RATIONAL SYSTEM.

Here is the pay for a day's work at \$2 at the exchange price of articles today:

1 peck of onions.....	45
5 pounds of rice, best.....	50
1 broom.....	35
3 bars of soap.....	25
25 pounds of flour.....	45

Total.....\$2.00

Here is the pay for an 8-hour day under a rational system, where articles are sold for the labor time of their creation, without profit. The figures are from the United States official statistics:

Peck of onions.....	15 min.
15 pounds of rice, best.....	4 min.
1 barrel of flour.....	40 min.
1 horse broom, best.....	15 min.
50 pounds of soap.....	10 min.
8-day brass clock, fine case.....	40 min.
Finest pair of men's shoes.....	180 min.
Finest pair of ladies' shoes.....	120 min.

Total.....466 min.
(Less than 8 hours.)

Say, you wageslave, can you see anything? Are you deaf, dumb and blind to your own interest? Do you prefer to be the menial of an employer, or be your own man? Have you sunk so low in the scale of intelligence that you cannot use the multiplication table and prove these things to yourself? If you have not sunk that low send a simple request to the United States Labor Commissioner, Washington, D. C., for the Thirtieth Annual Labor Report, where you will find these and several hundred other things just as startling to your cramped and flattened mind.

Under a rational system the pay of each worker would be more than what it would take \$5,000 a year to buy now, and there would be only an 8-hour day for anyone, and employment for every man and woman who desired employment. Can you hear?—Ex.

Ring out the old,
Ring in the new;
Ring out the false,
Ring in the true.
Ring out all tyranny
And ring in true liberty.

—Selected.

Love must be as much light as flame.—Thoreau.

ASSOCIATION NOTES.

M. V. Dadjeman has sold the goods in the store to Fannie Minor, who will conduct the business at the old stand until a new building can be erected.

Sada Bailey Fowler has donated three copies of her book, "Irene, or the Road to Freedom," to be sold and the amount realized to go toward reimbursing Comrade Govan on his fine. \$1 a copy.

W. H. Corbitt, of Denver, Colo., dropped off the steamer to stay a few hours but stayed two days and then left for Barley and Equality to investigate. He's a thinker, and we hope to see him again.

We are gradually getting a little orchestra together. Kate Cheyese, piano; Harry Winter, cornet or flute, and Geo. H. Allen, violin. They have some new music and add greatly to the pleasure of our literary evenings.

Charles P. Taylor, of Tacoma, spent two days with us, and we are glad he came. He says that he learned some time ago that the popular press idea of Anarchy was far from the truth. He has since learned what true Anarchy means.

A new foot bridge was needed across the head of the bay, the old one having become worn out, and by voluntary labor the work was done. The old contention that public improvements would not be made if we had no government is childish. We have proven many times that this is not true here.

Mrs. P. J. Bare has been visiting us again. She was the guest of Kate and Charles Cheyese. She left Wednesday last to visit other friends in this state. She expressed regret that she could not stay longer, for she liked both place and people and thought our land-holding plan most excellent.

The land owned by the Mutual Home Association is located on Von Geldern Cove (known locally as Jones Bay), an arm of Carls Inlet, and is 13 miles west from Tacoma on an air line, but the steamer route is about 20 miles.

The association is simply a land-holding institution, and can take no part in the starting of an industry. All industries are inaugurated by the members interested and those willing to help them. Streets are not opened yet and we have no sidewalks. Those thinking of coming here must expect to work, as it is not an easy task to clear this land and get it in condition for cultivation. There are 80 people here—22 men, 22 women and 36 children—girls over 15 years 5, boys 3. We are not living communistic, but there is not anything in our articles of incorporation and agreement to prohibit any number of persons from living in that manner if they desire to do so. Those writing for information will please inclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope for reply.

RECEIPTS.

A Friend \$5; O'Day \$1, Peter-en 50c, Wad-b 50c, Hoover 50c, Johnson 50c, Low 50c, Hill 50c, Steffer 25c.

VACCINATION.

Continued from page 1.

whether or not Comrade James has not been "barking up the wrong tree" once more:

"I venture to think that I have here so presented the best of these statistical facts as to satisfy my readers of the certain and absolute uselessness of vaccination as a preventive of smallpox; while these same facts render it in the highest degree probable that it has actually increased susceptibility to the disease. The teaching of the whole of the evidence is in one direction. Whether we examine the long-continued records of London mortality, or those of modern registration for England, Scotland and Ireland; whether we consider the 'control experiment' or crucial test afforded by unvaccinated Leicester, or the still more rigid test in the other direction of the remanned army and navy; the conclusion is the same; that vaccination is a gigantic delusion; that it has never saved a single life; but that it has been the cause of so much disease, so many deaths, such a vast amount of utterly needless and altogether undeserved suffering, that it will be classed by the coming generation among the greatest errors of an ignorant and prejudiced age, and its penal enforcement the foulest blot on the generally beneficent course of legislation during our century. "To talk of amending such legislation is a mockery. Absolute and immediate abolition is the only rational course open to us. Every day the vaccination laws remain in force parents are being punished, infants are being killed. An act of a single clause will repeal these vile laws; and I call upon every one of our legislators to consider their responsibility as guardians of the liberties of the English people, and to insist that this repeal be effected without a day's unnecessary delay.

"The successive vaccination acts were passed by means of allegations which were wholly untrue and promises which have all been unfulfilled. They stand alone in modern legislation as a gross interference with personal liberty and the sanctity of the home; while as an attempt to cheat outraged nature and to avoid a zymotic disease without getting rid of the foul conditions that produce or propagate it, the practice of vaccination is utterly opposed to the whole teaching of sanitary science, and is one of those terrible blunders which in their far-reaching evil consequences are worse than the greatest of crimes."

Now, readers of DISCONTENT, choose ye this day whom ye will follow, Alfred Russel Wallace or C. L. James:

J. T. SMALL.

Provincetown, Mass.

Free press and speech and the right of peaceable assemblage are constantly growing less in this country. In San Jose, Cal., some Socialists were jailed for speaking on the streets; in Palmer, Mass., W. S. Allen was sentenced to one year's imprisonment for distributing a pamphlet; and in Jersey City Heights, N. J., some of our Italian comrades attempted to have a social time, whereupon 20 policemen appeared on the scene and broke up the gathering.—Free Society.

HOW TO GET TO HOME.

All those intending to make us a visit will come to Tacoma and take the steamer TYPHOON for HOME. The steamer leaves Commercial dock on Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Sunday morning at 8 o'clock. Be sure to ask the captain to let you off at HOME.

SEND 10 CENTS for specimens of 10 liberal papers and 10 tracts, circulars and sample of stocking yarn, or 5 cents for a copy of "Little Freeholder" Hattie Drake Wheeler, Snowville, Va.

BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS
FOR SALE BY DISCONTENT

- Irene or the Road to Freedom. 1 00
Sada Bailey Fowler.
God and the State. By Michael Bakunin. 05
Morbund Society and Anarchy. 25
By Jean Grave.
Anarchy. By Enrico Malatesta. Is It All a Dream. By Jas. F. Morton, Jr. 10
God and Government: The Siamese Twins of Superstition. 05
The Chicago Martyrs; The Famous Speeches of the Eight Anarchists in Judge Gary's Court, and Altgeld's Reasons for Pardoning Field, Neebe and Schwab. 25
Five Propaganda Leaflets on the Sex Question. 10
Personal Rights and Sexual Wrongs: What the Young Need to Know. E. C. Walker. 30
The Revival of Puritanism. E. C. Walker. 10
The Evolution of the Family. Jonathan Mayo Crane. 05
Marriage and Morality. Lillian Harman. 05
Love in Freedom. Moses Harman. 05
The Evolution of Modesty. Jonathan Mayo Crane. 05
The Regeneration of Society. Lillian Harman. 05
Motherhood in Freedom. Moses Harman. 05
Judgment. Wm. Platt. 05
The Coming Woman. Lillie D. White. 05
Plain Words on the Woman Question. Grant Allen. With remarks by E. C. Walker. 05
Variety vs. Monogamy. E. C. Walker. 05

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ORDER OF DISCONTENT.

Articles of Incorporation and Agreement of the Mutual Home Association.

Be it remembered, that on this 17th day of January, 1898, we, the undersigned, have associated ourselves together for the purpose of forming a corporation under the laws of the State of Washington.

That the name of the corporation shall be The Mutual Home Association.

The purpose of the association is to assist its members in obtaining and building homes for themselves and to aid in establishing better social and moral conditions.

The location of this corporation shall be at Home, located on Jones Bay, Pierce County, State of Washington; and this association may establish in other places in this state branches of the same where two or more persons may wish to locate.

Any person may become a member of this association by paying into the treasury a sum equal to the cost of the land he or she may select, and one dollar for a certificate, and subscribing to this agreement.

The affairs of this association shall be conducted by a board of trustees, elected as may be provided for by the by-laws.

A certificate of membership shall entitle the legal holder to the use and occupancy of not less than one acre of land nor more than two (less all public streets) upon payment annually into the treasury of the association a sum equal to the taxes assessed against the tract of land he or she may hold.

All money received from membership shall be used only for the purpose of purchasing land. The real estate of this association shall never be sold, mortgaged or disposed of. A unanimous vote of all members of this association shall be required to change these articles of incorporation.

No officer, or other person, shall ever be empowered to contract any debt in the name of this association.

All certificates of membership shall be for life.

Upon the death of any member a certificate of membership shall be issued covering the land described in certificate of membership of deceased.

First: To person named in will or bequest.

Second: Wife or husband.

Third: Children of deceased: If there is more than one child they must decide for themselves.

All improvements upon land covered by certificate of membership shall be personal property, and the association as such has no claim thereto.

Any member has the right of choice of any land not already chosen or set aside for a special purpose.

CERTIFICATE OF MEMBERSHIP.

This is to certify that _____ has subscribed to the articles of incorporation and agreement and paid into the treasury of the Mutual Home Association the sum of _____ dollars, which entitles _____ to the use and occupancy of _____ acres of land, as plotted by the association, upon complying with the articles of agreement.

AGENTS FOR DISCONTENT.

San Francisco—L. Nylan, 26 Lewis St. Honolulu—A. Klemencic, P. O. Box 800.

Albany, Pa.—H. Bauer, 78 Spring garden.